

Ruby Ridge Revisited

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Summary: This is a story I wrote about the Counterstrike map cs_militia. I tried to use some of the real characters of the siege and add a little history to the map.

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I can't believe those buyers were actually federal agents, Randy Weaver thought to himself as he gathered his team together. Am I losing my edge in my old age? Randy pushed such self-deprecating thoughts from his head as he viewed looked at the task at hand. Federal agents were moving in, and if he didn't keep an alert head on his shoulders, his compound would be swarming with CT's in no time.

>
 "Shhh...quiet!," Randy whispered to one of his friends, who was getting a little too friendly with his AK-47. They had quite a cache of weapons up here, but if they weren't smart, those same weapons would be under lock and key in some federal evidence room. Yeah, until the cops 'accidentally' misplaced them.

>
 Randy looked down at his weapons of choice, a Sig P228 handgun and Sig SG552 Commando assault rifle. Yes, he mused, it would be a nice test for his toys.

>
 There were eight people, Randy included, sitting around the nice mountain home when a radio crackled to life. "Enemy spotted," came the radio call. "Roger that," one of the men responded.

>
 "Well boys, to your positions," Randy said, but he didn't have to, for his men were already scrambling to choice locations. Two guarded the roof, Randy would guard a sewer entrance, another man would guard the other sewer entrance, one would guard the hostages, one would snipe from a window in the back of the house, and the remaining two would venture forth into the sewers to surprise the enemy.

>
 Inside sources had warned Randy of an assault upon his complex, but the details of the attack squad were sketchy. Anywhere from five to ten would come in the assault, with possible air support. They will pay for this, he swore, for taking so much from me. Blast you ZOG! You will pay for taking my son and wife! With those thoughts

still burning, he ventured outside.

>
 Boom-boom-boom came the sound from behind the fence, the unmistakable sound of a fully automatic XM14 shotgun. It was quickly silenced by the loud bang of one of the snipers on the roof who sported a Steyr Scout sniper rifle. Silence. Either everyone was coming through the sewers or the CT's desired for their snipers to take care of Weaver's snipers on the roof.

>
 Booooooom came a thunderous sound from the sewer. Randy looked down and saw only smoke, and then a CT! He unloaded five bullets at the black figure he saw, and was happy to see it fall back into the sewer. They had flashbang grenades! Luckily for his troops, Randy had secured a few HE grenades and a lot of Smoke grenades.

>
 Not thinking much of it, Randy pulled the pin from one of his HE grenades and lobbed it into the sewer. Boooooom, followed by a "Shirt!!!" He'd hit someone, and he hoped it wasn't one of his friends down there. Well, whoever was hurt was hurt even more, because many guns opened up in the sewer and many bullets were fired. The firefight lasted for a few minutes, and then only footsteps could be heard, running away from Randy. Success! He knew that at least three or four enemies were dead, and none of his troops had fallen yet.

>
 A thud made him turn around, and he saw one of his soldiers face down in the dirt. His torn throat gave a good indication that he had been hit with a bullet from an Arctic Warfare Magnum, commonly known as an AWP. So, they had snipers too. Craaaaack! His other rooftop soldier fell down hard onto the ground, but he wasn't dead...yet. He heard another loud sound and heard cries in the distance, so apparently the sniper in the window used his G3/SG-1 sniper rifle well.

>
 "Get us out of here," he heard through a vent. What?! They'd gotten to his hostages that he'd taken as a safety measure? Feeling that the sewers were secure, Randy rushed under the stairs of his house to a dark door, and fired a few shots through the wood and then ran in. Three hostages were left, and one was gone. Randy crouched low and searched the room, and found no CT's. He then went into a door leading into the garage; well, almost went in. He saw a bullet blow through the door and fly over his head, so he decided to wait this one out. He feared for his friend watching the hostages, but he shook those thoughts from his head. At least three of his men were probably dead, but at least five of the enemies were dead too. He needed help.

>
 "Taking fire, need assistance!" he said into the radio. A moment, and then "negative" came his reply. He supposed his men were busy, so he decided to take matters into his own hands. Grabbing an SG grenade, he pulled the pin and opened the door just wide enough to throw it in, and then smoke filled the room behind the door. He knew he would be afforded no better opportunities than this, so he ran in with his assault rifle in both hands. He had some night vision goggles, so he turned those on and scanned the area. Before he could scan the room, a bullet tore through his forearm, causing him to drop his gun. Ignoring the blinding pain, he pulled out his P228 and fired wildly, emptying a clip but apparently hitting nothing. He was hit again in the thigh, and this time he went down. He faintly heard a window shatter and heard an exchange of bullets, then his consciousness faded.

>
 "Are you there, sir?" came the plaintive questioning of one of his friends. Opening his eyes slowly and wincing from the light, Randy brought his head up and looked around. Three of his friends surrounded him, and although their expressions were grim, they told him that they had won the battle, so he broke into a smile and faded

back into unconsciousness.
> <p><p>

End
file.